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See Page 22

# Life

MAY 31, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



*Slumming*

RER  
IRVIN



EGYPT—  
in the  
Valley of  
the Kings.  
by Avinoff

## From Distant Lands—*Send Back Winged Words!*

How will you write to your family and friends about the pleasures of your trip? How will you record your impressions for reminiscence in after years?

In words slowly and laboriously written—  
Or in vivid words, packed with enthusiasm; colorful words, reflecting the glories around you; clear, fluent words, *typed* on the swift keys of the Underwood Portable!

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"The Machine  
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Carry."

# UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

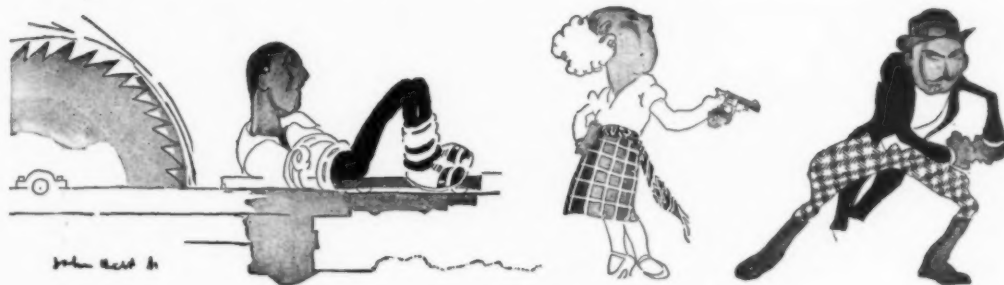
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Life Productions, Inc.,

presents the

SUPER—EXTRA—ULTIMATE—FEATURE

# LIFE'S MOVIE NUMBER



A Life Production

FOR RELEASE AT ALL NEWS STANDS JUNE 14TH.

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Picturization by  
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RALPH BARTON,

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JOHN HELD, JR.,

ART YOUNG,  
GLUYAS WILLIAMS.

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practical Dollar Bill, and sign up for a

ten-unit program of future releases.\* Just  
turn your Kleig lights on that insert in the  
corner, and—Obey That Impulse.

\*Refers to Canadian Number, Fourth of July Number, Farmers' Number, etc.

**Ready!**

**Action!**

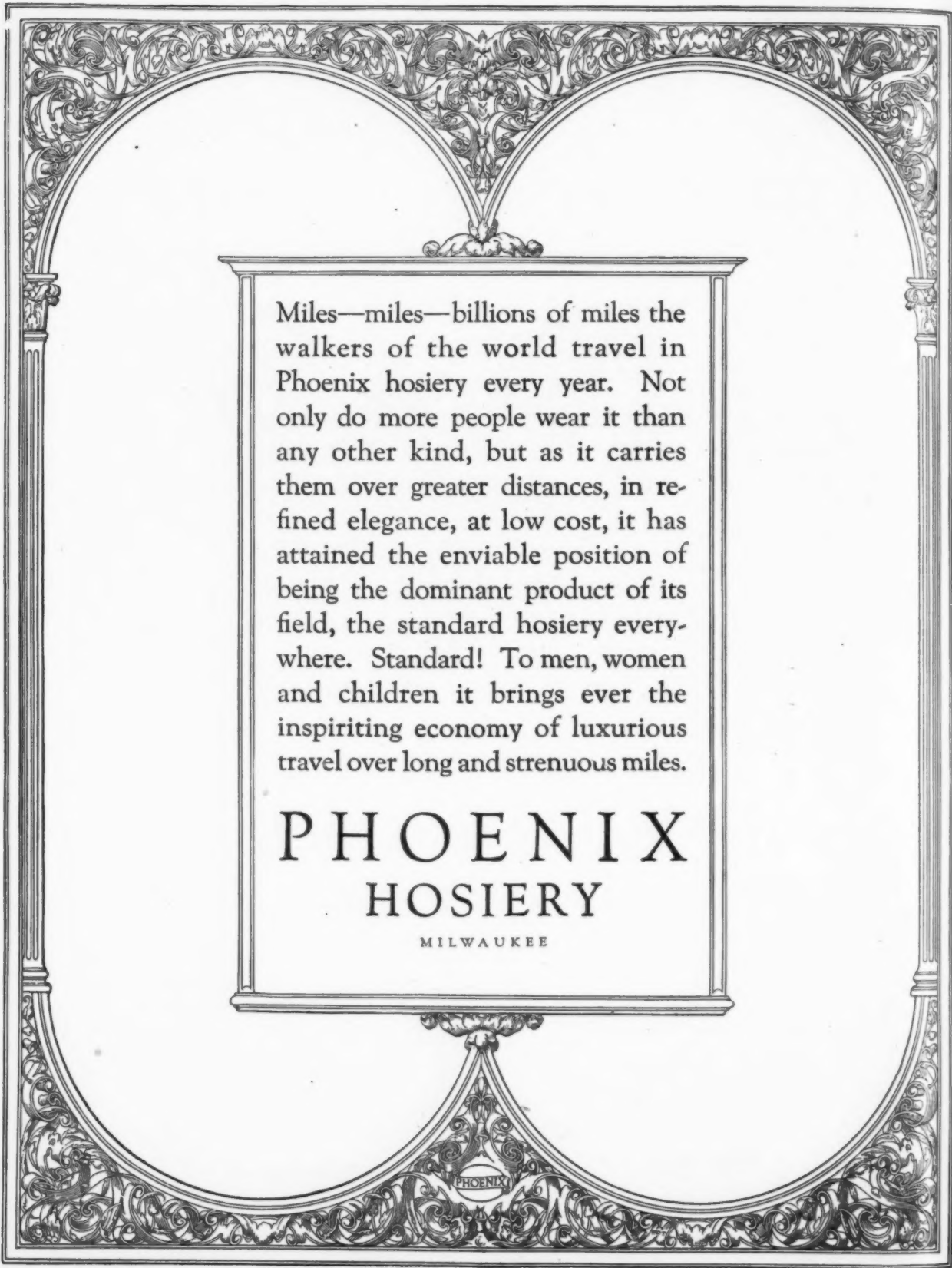
**Camera!**

LIFE STUDIOS,  
598 Madison Ave., N. Y. City

I'd like to be in on the mob scene of eager Trial  
Subscribers. Here is my Dollar Deposit (Canadian \$1.20;  
Foreign \$1.40).

283

One year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).



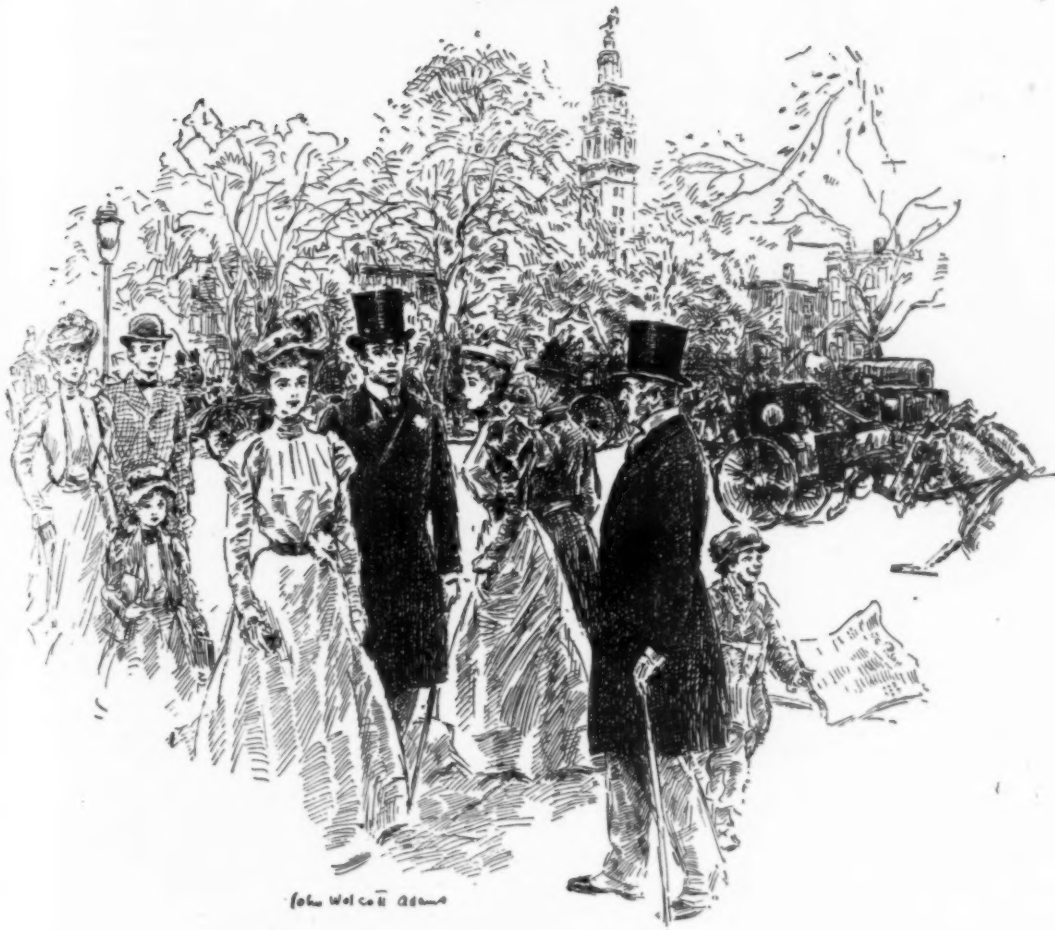
Miles—miles—billions of miles the  
walkers of the world travel in  
Phoenix hosiery every year. Not  
only do more people wear it than  
any other kind, but as it carries  
them over greater distances, in re-  
fined elegance, at low cost, it has  
attained the enviable position of  
being the dominant product of its  
field, the standard hosiery every-  
where. Standard! To men, women  
and children it brings ever the  
inspiring economy of luxurious  
travel over long and strenuous miles.

# PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE



# Life



## In Old New York

OUR hearts were young and light as cork;  
The town was young, as yet un-Hylan'd;  
And when we spoke about New York  
We always meant Manhattan Island.

Our ways would now be voted slow  
And smiled upon in scorn or pity—  
Those five-and-twenty years ago  
When first we hailed the Greater City!

Van Wyck was mayor; novel, then,  
Was Bryan's silver-tongued haranguing;  
And up Broadway and down again  
Unbridled cable-cars were clanging.

Our modest maidens—who believes  
That ladies ever wore such dresses  
With trailing skirts and bulgy sleeves,  
And that they never bobbed their tresses?

Our cavaliers at formal dance  
Or banquet scorned the dinner-jacket.  
We joyed in plays of gay romance  
With Sothorn, Faversham, or Hackett.

But how may song of rustic bliss  
And recollection fond and tender  
Befit the great Metropolis  
That blinds the world with golden splendor?

Then praise her soaring towers; praise  
Her teeming five united boroughs,  
Her tribute-bearing sounds and bays  
That keels unnumbered plough in furrows!

And yet, though dear her bright renown  
Shall ever be to this civilian,  
Still dearer was the simple town  
Of only one or two poor million.

Arthur Guiterman.



"And what are you made up for?"  
"Ten dollars."

## "The Seasons Come, the Seasons Go"

### Spring

**S**TRAWBERRIES . . . the Zoo . . . carnation buttonholes . . . Belmont Park . . . open taxis . . . patches of green . . . Tuxedo . . . new neckties . . . the Claremont . . . vacation plans . . . White Sulphur . . . the first swim.

### Summer

Straw hats . . . golf bags . . . roadhouses . . . Poinciana Cream . . . Southampton . . . house parties . . . the Ritz roof . . . hansom cabs . . . Bar Harbor . . . "Tom Collinses" . . . picnics . . . Newport . . . the Follies . . . tennis tournaments . . . coon jazz.

### Autumn

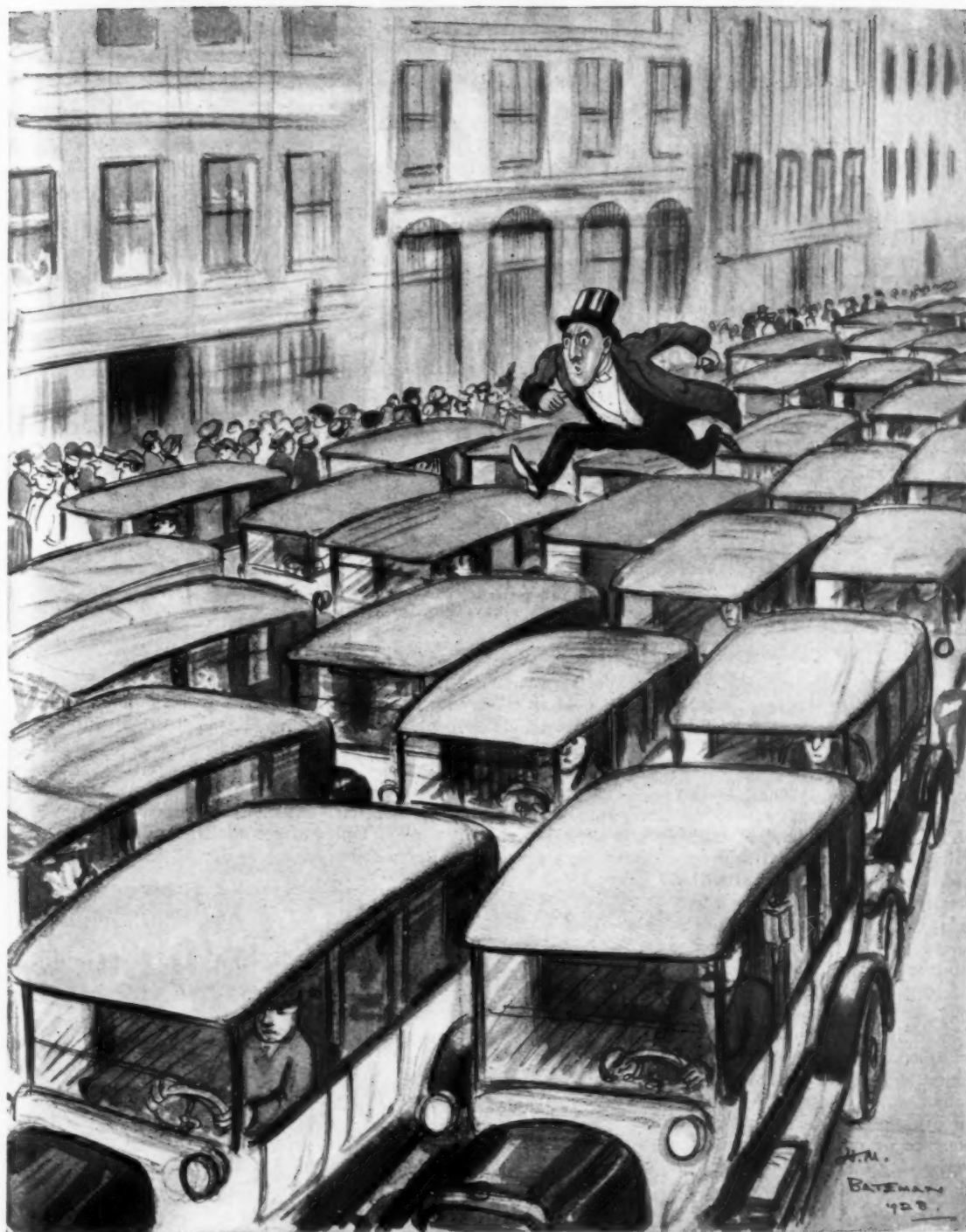
The last beach party . . . the Princeton game . . . the new plays . . . home brew . . . the Berkshires . . . bread-and-butter letters . . . Roslyn . . . the renewed lease . . . Aiken . . . the Joneses just back from Paris.

### Winter

The Opera . . . fur coats . . . Sherry's . . . bridge . . . Palm Beach . . . steam-heat . . . the new supper restaurant . . . aspirin . . . limousines . . . lectures . . . subscription dances . . . salted almonds.

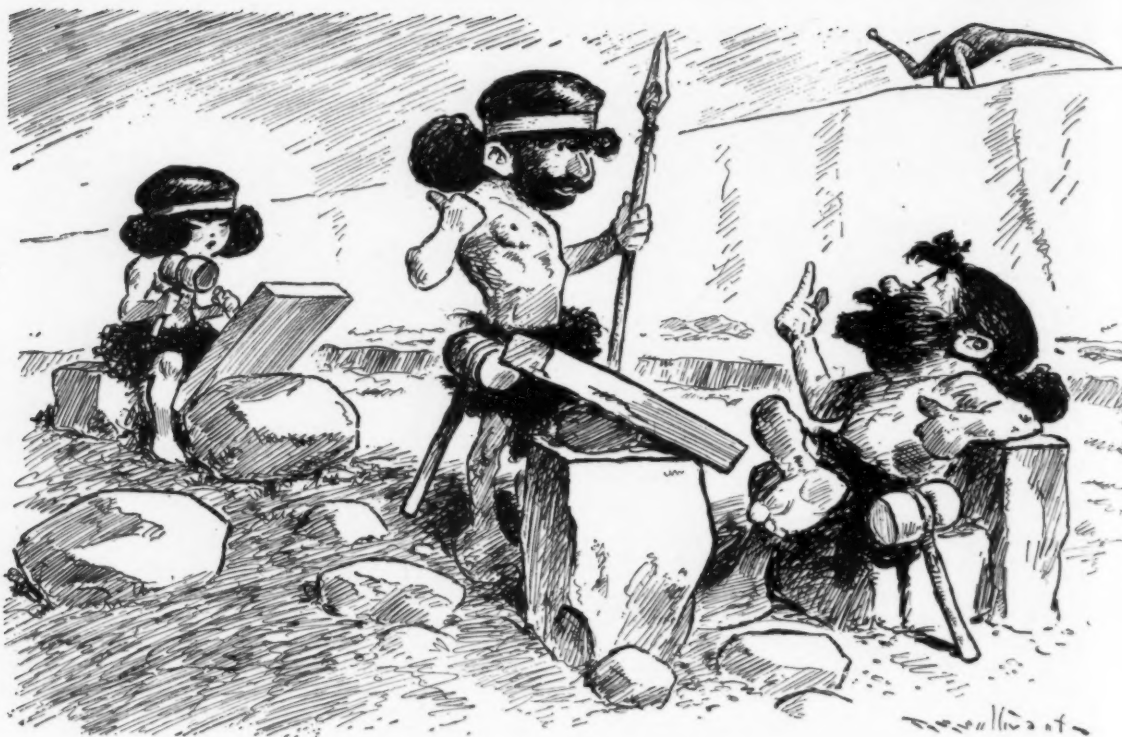


"Be careful not to spill any of it, won't you? I notice it has a tendency to eat holes in the floor."



Late for Dinner and No Time for a Taxi





"Why did you get a new stenographer?"  
 "The old one was always hitting her finger."

### Reminiscences of New York

**I** FIRST set eyes on New York City in 1910. Six years later I collaborated with a man from Sandusky, Ohio, in preparing "An Old New Yorker's Recollections of the Bowery" for a popular weekly magazine.

The West is the land of opportunity. I have heard that said very often and have seen it proved a number of times. But one afternoon in New York three of us started for the circus, couldn't get within a block of the Garden (we had forgotten it was a Jewish holiday), arrived at the ball park in time to hear the game called off on account of cold weather, and wound up in front of the Winslow Homer water colors in the Brooklyn art museum. That particular sequence of opportunity would be impossible in any part of the West with which I am familiar.

New York, I understand, has changed lots since 1919. But I expect there are a few landmarks left. As, for instance, some of the shirt stores on Fourteenth Street that were closing out last time I saw them because their owners were retiring from business.

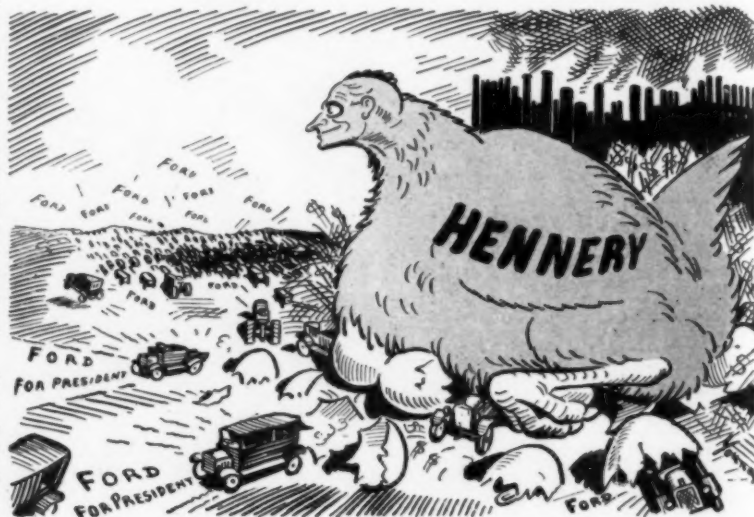
When I was last in New York, a man could sit all day in the lounge of the Yale Club without seeing a single poet or novelist. They say it is quite different now.

I never saw a Broadway first night. But I was once present on the second night of a play, and have since concluded, after a short

tussle with my conscience, that the difference of one night isn't enough to spoil a good story. "First Night Impressions" is now a popular feature of my repertoire.

I remember telling a man who was born in Brooklyn where to go to get an Erie train.

*Stoddard King.*



Spring Chickens



### Their Bugler

(The memorial many ex-service men advocate for Belleau Wood is a bugler, stationed there permanently.)

NOT massive marble, stately shaft, nor statue sanctified  
Shall rise against the sky-line where our victors fought and died  
When Belleau Wood was riven by the thunder-bolts of war,  
And the Vandals, vanquished, realized what mad marines are for.

*But ever there at even-tide,  
Where sleep our heroes side by side,  
They'll hear,—and they will smile, perhaps—  
The Bugler. Hark! He's sounding taps!*

Not monument that's made by hand, but only this they crave,  
Some token of the love we bear, we living, for the brave,  
Who woke to see a summer sun but fell before it set;  
Their sleep will be more restful if they know we don't forget.

*So always there, when shadows fall,  
And twilight calm is over all,  
Their souls will whisper in the dark:*

*"'Tis taps! Our Bugler's with us! Hark!"*  
E. S. Van Zile.

### The Art of Selling

SECRETARY: Mr. Terry said to tell you he is too busy to talk to you to-day.

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT: Tell him he won't have to say a word.

"WHY do you want to work in this powder mill?"  
"The doctor told me I had to quit smoking."



"What's Alice sore about?"  
"Her riding lesson."



### Fixing Done Quietly

Persons or nations having trouble with their neighbors over money matters would do well to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Thos. W. Lamont, Fixer, explaining their problems. This young man, having risen from being a Harvard graduate to a position in the Financial world where a \$50 raise in salary means practically nothing to him, has qualified as a certified public financier by living in Englewood, New Jersey, and can furnish other references to interested Chancellors of the Exchequer. Charges: lunch-money and carfare.

### Recollections of a Havana Week-End

THE Bacardi punch at the Dos Hermanos . . . the double Bronxes at the Sevilla . . . the rum sours at the Restaurant de Cuba . . . the "infuriators" at the Telégrafo . . . the Romanée Conti at the Café de Paris . . . the Amontillado at the little bar on the Malécon . . . the Château Latour at the Aguila d'Oro . . . the "stingers" at the Inglaterra . . . the cherry brandy at the Café de Nueva York . . . the piña colodas with Benedictine at the Yacht Club . . . the mazagrans con cogniac at the Casino . . . the Daiqueris at the Restaurant Français . . . the Vino de Pasto just off the Plaza . . . the Burgundy in O'Brien Street . . . the sherry-flips mixed by a policeman in the Prado.



Post-Card  
Notes on  
the  
European  
Muddle  
from  
Senator  
Mc-  
Cormick



ROBERT  
JAMES  
MAIR

4



5

1. Had a charming interview with Kemal Pasha, who confided that Turkey is back in Europe.

4. Germany still has a large standing army on hand—all wearing French horizon-blue uniforms.

3. Mussolini strongly intimated that there was no connection between black shirts and black hands.

2. There are isolationists and isolationists (we Senators must have our little joke).

5. George Harvey assured me that knee-breeches will not be an issue in the 1924 campaign.



"What are you getting them on?"  
 "Fifty per cent. on worms, fifty per cent. on fly."  
 "How many have you taken?"  
 "Two."

### Things LIFE Would Rather Like to Know

WHY the roll-your-own movement has not been extended to logs

\*\*\*

If the recent activity of their bandits indicates that the Chinese are becoming civilized.

\*\*\*

Whether Cleopatra, in her time, did not introduce the permanent wave in her farewells.

\*\*\*

How many new Russian words Max Reinhardt picked up in his study of the American theatre.

\*\*\*

Whether the sugar boycotters believe in omitting the bitter with the sweet.

\*\*\*

Why there is so much watered private stock.

\*\*\*

Whether the next war will be fought by radio.

\*\*\*

Why it is never necessary to detour on a poor road.

### In Time of Peace

FAIR EASTERNER: What do you do in the winter time?

BORED GUIDE: Think up answers.

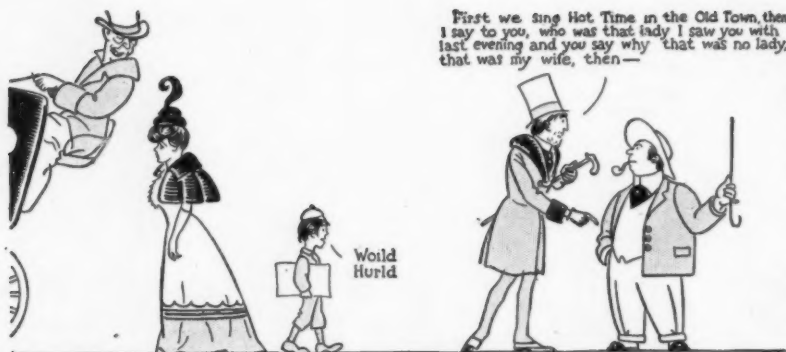
### A Fortune

"BRONCK writes on astronomical subjects."

"Is he paid a space rate?"



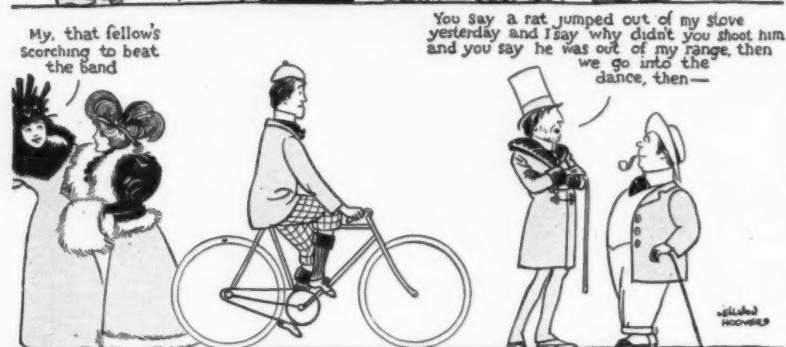
"What's all the excitement about, dearie?"  
 "Oh, Mother, the Browns 've got new babies—two kinds of the same children!"



First we sing Hot Time in the Old Town, then I say to you, who was that lady I saw you with last evening and you say why that was no lady, that was my wife, then—



I say why I am amazed at you, do you mean to stand out here before this intelligent audience and say that was no lady, that was your wife, my, you are stupid, in fact you're so stupid I don't think you know George Washington's dead, do you, and you say, d-e-a-d! I know George Washington I didn't even know he was sick, then—



My, that fellow's scorching to beat the band

You say a rat jumped out of my sleeve yesterday and I say why didn't you shoot him and you say he was out of my range, then we go into the dance, then—

At Herald Square, May 31, 1898

### There Ought to Be a Law Against This

"NO, sir, I never drank a drop before Pro'bition, but I'll drink it every chance I get now."

"Same here, they can't tell me what to drink and what not to drink."

"Never drank a drop before 1918, but I been on some swell toots since then. I'm gonna drink it every time I get a chance now, you bet."

"Yeh, just the idea of the thing, tellin' you what to drink and what not to drink."

"Pro'bition's a joke. Lotsa people, like myself, never tasted the stuff before and now they lap it up every time they get a chance."

"Sure, who wouldn't object to being told what to drink and what not to drink? I would."

"Me, too, I'll drink it whenever I get a chance."

"Same here."

"Nobody can tell me what to drink and what not to drink."

"Me neither."

"It's just the idea of the thing. Take me, f'rinstance. I never tasted the stuff before Pro'bition and—"

"Yeh—and now you'll take it whenever you get a chance. Huh?"

"You bet."

"Me, too."

"Same here."

J. A.

We admire the restraint of the United States Supreme Court in not ruling that Congress has the power to vote the whole world dry.

### Art—with a Capital "A"

THERE is a great deal of Art strewn around the streets these days. We have Art Furniture, Art Films, Art Theatres, Art Plumbing Fixtures and Art Shirts. Every manufactured object that meets with popular approval is "a work of Art."

The height of culture, however, has been attained in the Grand Central Station, in New York, where a portrait gallery has been installed for the benefit of those traveling salesmen who have a little spare time between trains. This innovation gives rise to the hope that we shall soon be able to consecrate all our temples of commerce to the worship of Art, and we may expect to see schedules like the following in the art sections of our artistic newspapers:

MONDAY (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.)—Exhibition of sculptures by Ivan Mestrovic in foyer of Crane Valve Company's sales headquarters.

TUESDAY (3:30 P. M.)—Recitation of modern French impressionistic music in That Unique Barber Shop, Hotel Empire.

WEDNESDAY (between 10:45 and 11:30 A. M.)—Readings from Gogol and Andreyev in the Mott Avenue station of the Bronx Subway.

THURSDAY (from 5:15 P. M. on)—Demonstration of Greek poise by pupils of the Helen Moller School of Dancing in the Della Robbia room, Frank Campbell's Funeral Parlors.

FRIDAY (after 2 P. M. or before 6:30 A. M., at the pleasure of the instructor)—Public view of Paul Gauguin's South Sea studies in the swimming pool at the West Side Y. M. C. A.

SATURDAY (any time from 1 to 11)—Performance of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" by the Keith Boys' Band in the safe deposit vaults of the Merchants and Mechanics National Bank.

In this way, we shall be able to keep Art before the public. We shall familiarize them with the masters in music, literature, painting and sculpture. Perhaps, some day, our fellow citizens will even be willing to welcome Art into their homes. Who knows?

Robert E. Sherwood.





"Has George made anything out of that book of his—'The Failure of Marriage'?"  
 "Yes; Alice says he has made enough for them to go to Europe on a second honeymoon."

### Counting Up the Gate

THE secretary of the World's Champions handed the president of the club a slip of paper. "We ought to play to thirty-five thousand people on opening day if the weather is fine. I have just figured it up and I don't think I am more than a thousand or so out of the way."

This is what was on the memorandum:

Men who dislike excitement of opening game....	3,400.
Men who say the games are fixed and never go..	3,500.
Women who go on their husbands' invitation....	25.
People who wouldn't walk across street to see game.....	15,000.
Men who remember important conferences suddenly .....	5,023.
Fans .....	7,925.
Total paid admissions.....	34,873.
Actors on newspaper men's passes.....	75.
City officials seeing everything is all right.....	52.
Total deadheads.....	127.
Total attendance.....	35,000.

McC. H.

### Wary

NURSE: Here's your brand-new baby brother.

WILLIE (a fisherman): Can you keep 'em that small?

WHEN thieves fall out police departments get credit for efficiency.

### The Lure

I KNEW it was wrong, of course,  
 But his lips proffered the kiss delicately,  
 As a child offers a flower.  
 Your kisses are battered coins  
 Such as a man rattles in his pocket  
 To buy something habitual, necessary, and unsur-  
 prising  
 Like his daily newspaper.  
 I had a fancy once again  
 To wear a flower.

E. A. C.



"Do you believe in psychology, Mr. Glubb?"  
 "Oh, I suppose everybody has some of it,—I have a little myself."



**Skippy:** I'm hookin' this medal on ya for very conspicuous bravery.

"Hot dog, General!"



**Sooky:** Where's the kiss what goes wid it?

"Gwan! There ain't goin' to be a kiss."



**Sooky:** The medal's no good widout a kiss. Didn't I saw Gen. Foch wid me own eyes kiss the army in the pictures? "I don't care—it don't look nice."



**Skippy:** Besides, who ever heard o' Grant n' Lee runnin' around playin' post office with the army?

"I want the kiss what goes wid me medal."



**Skippy:** Now, listen! forget about the kiss n' I'll pin the Balkan cross on ya—yes, n' I'll throw in the Russian Sable Legion, too.

"I want the kiss what goes wid me medal!"



**Skippy:** Why don't you go home and take a hot bath n' maybe I'll kiss ya.

"Tain't the first o' the month."



**Sooky:** I—want—the—kiss—what—goes—wid—me—medal! "Listen, lay off'n me before I butter the sidewalk with ya!"



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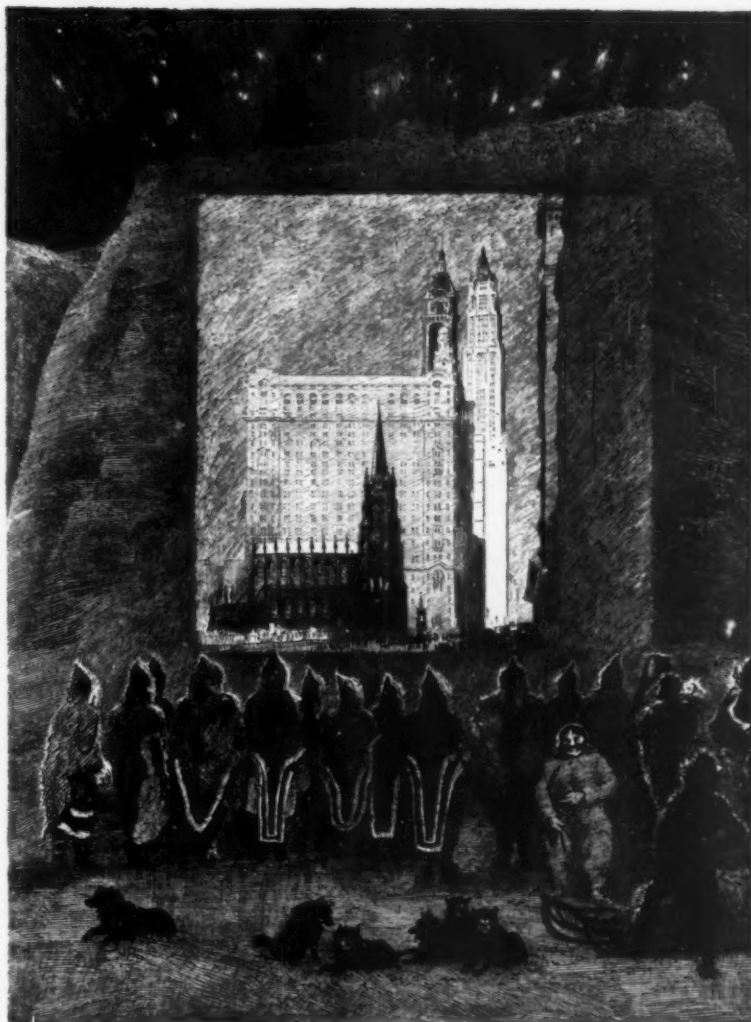


**Skippy:** Well! I'll say that's gettin' out of it very nice.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**May 24th** Lay late, recovering from the revelry of my birthday, and then to casting up my accounts, and I do find that I had not disbursed all of Sam's gift cheque before its arrival, for which I thank God. And so up along Madison Avenue to lay out the rest of it on some desirable object, but on reaching the street of my sempstress's shop, I was tempted to go in, and there I found a young man a-selling silken hose, the sheerest that ever I saw in my life, for a low price. And to evidence their durability, he did draw his knife along them with no casualties soever, but I told him that their resistance to cutlery did not concern me so much as their reaction to the metal on hose supporters. Nevertheless I did give him a dollar against the delivery of six pairs, the balance to be paid the postman, and bade him farewell with a feeling that I should never see nor hear of him again. . . To meet Inez Bascom at Sherry's, where we lunched on soft shell crabs, creamed potatoes and a sherbet, very fine, though God knows I should have more wit than to eat potatoes. And catching sight of Tom Wilkins in the distance, I did point him out to Inez and recall the days when she had kept me awake of nights talking about her love affair with him. And are you not rejoiced now that the match did not come off? I asked her, and Inez quoth, It is better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.

**May 25th** This day I did again lie abed until an unseemly hour, reproaching myself the while for neglecting my gymnasium as I do, but Lord, a woman must have some regard for the looks of her head, and had I exercised, the wave which my Emilie put in yesterday would have vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. . . A package came from Grace Smith containing a fine brocade Dunhill bag, and when I opened it a small bulb flashed on to illumine the interior. So up and out like a child with a new toy, and whenever I had occasion to open it, all within range did mark it curi-



Seeing New York

ously, and one man even approached me and asked for a closer inspection, which I gave him gladly.

**May 26th** All day at the club, and Lucy Fulton, in speaking of a woman we know, did remark that her whole social existence was spent in a struggle to be natural, which seems a strange thing to me, my own consisting largely of refraining from being too natural. Lucy and I are agreed, too, that the novels written around the "dangerous age" are all rot, for if individuals have not made fools of themselves in one way or another by the time they are forty-five, it is not likely that they are going to do anything then to undermine the tenor of their way.

Baird Leonard.

## New York

STRANGER from mountain or plain,

List to the lilt of the city;  
Nothing so flaccid as "pretty,"  
Grandeur symphonic its strain.

Surface cars clang a refrain,  
'L' structures rumble a ditty;  
Stranger from mountain or plain,  
List to the lilt of the city.

Murmurous Gorges of Gain;  
Echoing stones that are gritty;  
Hand-organs, more is the pity,  
Tinkling in Lambency Lane.

Stranger from mountain or plain \*  
List to the lilt of the city.

W. D.

MAGNETISM is the faculty of making people admire in you qualities you don't possess.





MAY 31st, 1923

VOL. 81, 2117

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 London Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.  
 598 Madison Avenue, New York



**T**HIS week again the usual variety of opinions on the condition and prospects of this world offers for examination. Lord Robert Cecil, back from the States, says the Americans will join the League when they get ready. Senator Moses, home again after a careful examination of Europe and due thought about her symptoms, favors self-help as the treatment best for her, says her people are being fooled with the idea that the United States is going to rescue them, and thinks on information and belief that "our entrance into the League of Nations through its subsidiary, the World Court," is no more popular here than a more direct entrance would be. "Since we have declined," he says, "to go in at the front door of the League, why should we crawl through the coal hole?"

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who took ship for England on May 12th, disclosed to the *World*, Parthian-wise, his political views, and of five issues which he thinks to be paramount at this time, he puts foreign policy first. The other four are Prohibition, the railways, taxation and agriculture, and Dr. Butler believes the people are going to vote on these topics when they elect a new President.

That will be a year and a half from now and what condition these topics will be in by that time nobody but a seventh son can say. The really great question is whether the world, and especially the

European part of it, is going to wag along after some fashion or other until its managers or our managers make up their minds what to do. Meanwhile any views about the prospects of human life and any efforts to improve them are in order. One notes that the Mormons, who have a centennial anniversary next fall, are sending missionaries through the twelve Eastern states, as they do pretty regularly, but one is used to that and does not yet expect the Mormons to save the world.

More novel is the disclosure that Miss Christabel Pankhurst, lately a militant suffragette in England, but now a resident of Toronto, has got religion, and has come to the conclusion that votes for women, after all, will not save the world, and that if it is saved at all, it will be by religion, but she thinks it will take an unusually strong infusion of it, so she looks for the second coming of Christ as the natural preliminary to the restoration of order.

Plenty of other people have this expectation, which seems to run curiously strong in the membership of the Baptist Church, but since it has blazed out at intervals in times of difficulty ever since the days of St. Paul, and has never eventuated so far as history and the public prints record, it does not seem to be a thing that practical people can reckon with. There is no sign that Senator Moses has this expectation, nor yet Dr. Butler, though he would get it before, Moses did. We cannot count on it. Miss Pankhurst has been reading the Old Testament prophets and thinks that their forecasts apply accurately to current events, but the politicians and even the bankers still decline to base policies on these predictions.

One thing Miss Pankhurst ex-

pects that is almost practical, and that is Armageddon; a huge knock-down-and-drag-out somewhere in Eastern Europe or Western Asia; the final flare-up of war before the world is reorganized for protracted peace. A good many people whose feet are on the ground consider this idea of Armageddon, and whether a hair of the dog that lately bit the world so severely is necessary to the cure of it. All the efforts of hopeful people are employed to demonstrate that more war is not necessary, but Europe is still as attentive as ever to armament. Russia is incalculable, so is Germany, so is Turkey, so is most of Asia. People who expect the incredible at least have some excuse, and people who do not want another big war have abundant reason to do everything they can to prevent it.



**Y**OUNG Harvard, as reported in the *Crimson*, does not seem to share Miss Pankhurst's feeling that religion is the hope of the world. The *Crimson* opposes the building of a chapel as a war memorial on the ground that the college religious service no longer plays any part in the lives of a vast majority of students (which is true enough), nor is likely to become any more important in the future. It thinks a neglected chapel would be an ignominious tribute. It thinks a building which will be "a constant, active reminder of the ideal which it represents is the only memorial worth considering," and it speaks up for a memorial gymnasium.

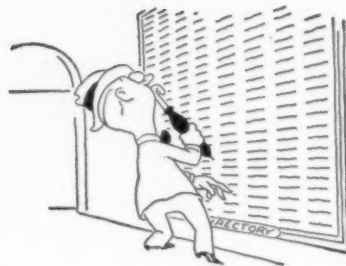
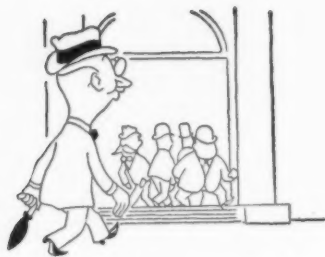
There is quite a bit more to life than Youth thinks of, but in due time it finds out.

E. S. Martin.

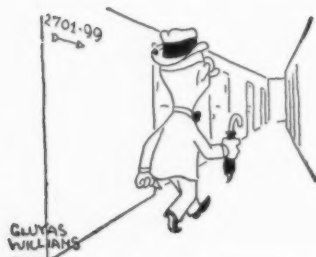
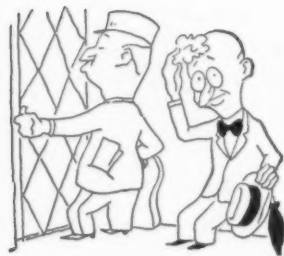
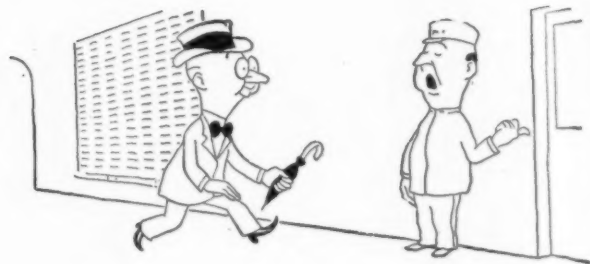


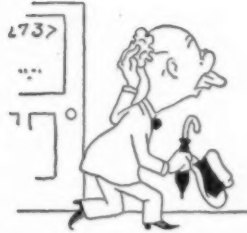
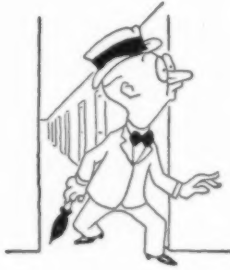


China Has No Monopoly on Bandits



671  
L. N. SGAR.  
H. SHOOM INC.  
3612  
2705  
R. D. SNILL  
568  
SMITH & CO.  
T. SPUTZ  
HT. STIR  
521







### The Prize Winners

**T**HE conditions under which plays and novels are judged for the Pulitzer Prize are ethical rather than artistic, which somewhat limits the scope. We have not the specifications at hand, but as we remember it, a novel, in order to win the award, must have been the direct cause of the reform of one drunkard (with affidavits from his wife and pastor), must have brought together one married couple who were on the point of separation, and must have made Robert a good boy.

The lucky drama must be "representative of the value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners." On this basis, the prize was given to "Icebound," by Owen Davis.



**W**E should like to announce in this same issue the award of the Florence Nightingale Memorial Prize for Christian Service, given by the Dramatic Department of LIFE to "that American play which shall do most to make each and every one of us just as good and true and loyal as we know how to be, and in addition, shall make us stop biting our fingernails."

There has been one play by an American produced (happily with great success) this season which seems to us to be full of a real spirit of brotherly love, religious tolerance, filial and paternal affection and good, clean fun. This play is "Abie's Irish Rose," by Anne Nichols. (We really mean this. No kidding.) How this ever was passed by in the Pulitzer award, we don't know, for it is a much more moral play than "Icebound." However, we are proud to name it as our choice for the Florence Nightingale Memorial Prize for Christian Service, and to announce that the other judges concurred unanimously. The other judges, by the way, were the following discerning and sober students of the drama: the Rev. Henry van Dyke, Brig. Gen. Sawyer, and Neysa McMein.



**S**PEAKING of awards, the judges in the Little Theatre Tournament held recently in New York and competed in by amateur dramatic organizations

from all over the country, established an ominous standard by picking three performances of the "more serious" type for the honors. Several comedies were considered, but it was felt that a tragedy calls for better acting than a comedy and that therefore a well-acted tragedy should have the call over an equally well-acted comedy.

Aside from the obvious fact that this is not so, and that almost anyone with a streak of ham in him can act in what is generally accepted as tragedy, think of what this means for the coming year in our national amateur theatricals. It means that all over the country little groups of very bad actors are going to be snarling and hissing their way through "serious plays" with an eye to next year's prize, and if there is one thing worse than an amateur organization in a comedy, it is an amateur organization in a "serious play."



**P**ROBABLY there will always be amateur dramatics in the land, just so long as there are thwarted exhibitionist complexes among the citizenry. We might as well face it. But must they do tragedies? Isn't there enough sorrow and sadness in the world as it is, without the Buskin Players of Pelvis, Long Island, rehearsing it every Tuesday and Thursday night at Mrs. Merdle's house and creaking across the High School stage with it every other month? Here we all are, trying to make the world a better place to live in, and the Little Theatre judges come along and put a premium on amateur tragedies. It's too bad.



**O**N one night we saw two plays, "The Apache" and "For Value Received." That is, we started out at "The Apache," but it closed before we had got our coat off. So we were unfair enough to drop into "For Value Received" about nine-thirty. We really don't want to be so fair as to go again and see the first part, but we will say that what we did see of it might have been much worse. Augustin Duncan in the novel rôle of a selfish, disagreeable blind man at least gave us a glimpse of something new, and Maude Hannaford seemed to be doing very well with a less distinguished part. That is about all we feel qualified to say concerning "For Value Received."

Robert C. Benchley.



# Confidential Guide



BOX OFFICE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Adding Machine.** *Comedy*—How it feels to be a bookkeeper, both alive and dead, shown in the vivid modern manner. Worth seeing.

**The Cat and the Canary.** *National*—A haunted house, with seven creeps to the minute.

**Ethiopian Art Theatre.** *Frazee*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Fool.** *Times Square*—Showing how Jesus might have met a few modern problems if He had had theatrical training.

**For Value Received.** *Longacre*—Mentioned in this issue.

**Moscow Art Theatre.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Last week of Russia's impressive emissaries.

**Rain.** *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in a devastating and splendid drama of sin and its high wages.

**Romeo and Juliet.** *Henry Miller's*—The most successful of Shakespearean ventures this season, thanks largely to Jane Cowl and Rolfe Peters.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth*—Containing a "big scene" for Helen Menken and some Parisian touches.

**Uptown West.** *Bijou*—The Japanese problem from a new angle.

**The Wasp.** *Selwyn*—The author of "The Last Warning" shows that he can't always do it.

**Whispering Wires.** *Broadhurst*—The murder mystery which opened the season and which isn't solved yet.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—See prize award on opposite page.

**Aren't We All?** *Gaiety*—To be reviewed next week.

**Cold Feet.** *Fulton*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Comedian.** *Belasco*—Lionel Atwill playing the part of an actor as only an actor could.

**The Devil's Disciple.** *Garrick*—One act of Shaw and Roland Young which is worth the rest of it.

**The Enchanted Cottage.** *Ritz*—Pinero taking a flight into fancy which lands you somewhere in spite of hard going.

**Give and Take.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Comic-supplement solution of the labor problem.

**Icebound.** *Sam H. Harris*—Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. The actors should get the money.

**Mary the 3rd.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Mild and harmless propaganda for a freer marriage arrangement.

**Merton of the Movies.** *Cort*—An appealing comedy with Glenn Hunter as the youthful hero.

**The Mountebank.** *Lyceum*—Medium-drama dramatization of Locke's novel, with Norman Trevor as the juggling general.

**Not So Fast.** *Morosco*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Old Soak.** *Plymouth*—Old stuff with a new character from the pen of Don Marquis.

**Polly Preferred.** *Little*—Entertaining if you don't ask much in the way of solid worth.

**So This Is London!** *Hudson*—Showing how bad Americans and Englishmen can be when they get together.

**Sweet Nell of Old Drury.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

**You and I.** *Belmont*—Smart play-writing, well acted.

**Zander the Great.** *Empire*—Alice Brady in the best play she has had yet.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Adrienne.** *George M. Cohan's*—To be reviewed later.

**Bombo.** *Winter Garden*—Al Jolson back for a few weeks.

**Caroline.** *Ambassador*—Pleasant music.

**The Clinging Vine.** *Knickerbocker*—Peggy Wood in a good show.

**Dew Drop Inn.** *Astor*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Gingham Girl.** *Central*—Harmless.

**Go-Go.** *Daly's*—Speedy and generally satisfactory.

**How Come?** *Apollo*—The current Negro

attraction. Not quite up to standard.

**Jack and Jill.** *Globe*—Lew Fields in an elaborate entertainment.

**Little Nellie Kelly.** *Liberty*—A lot of dancing.

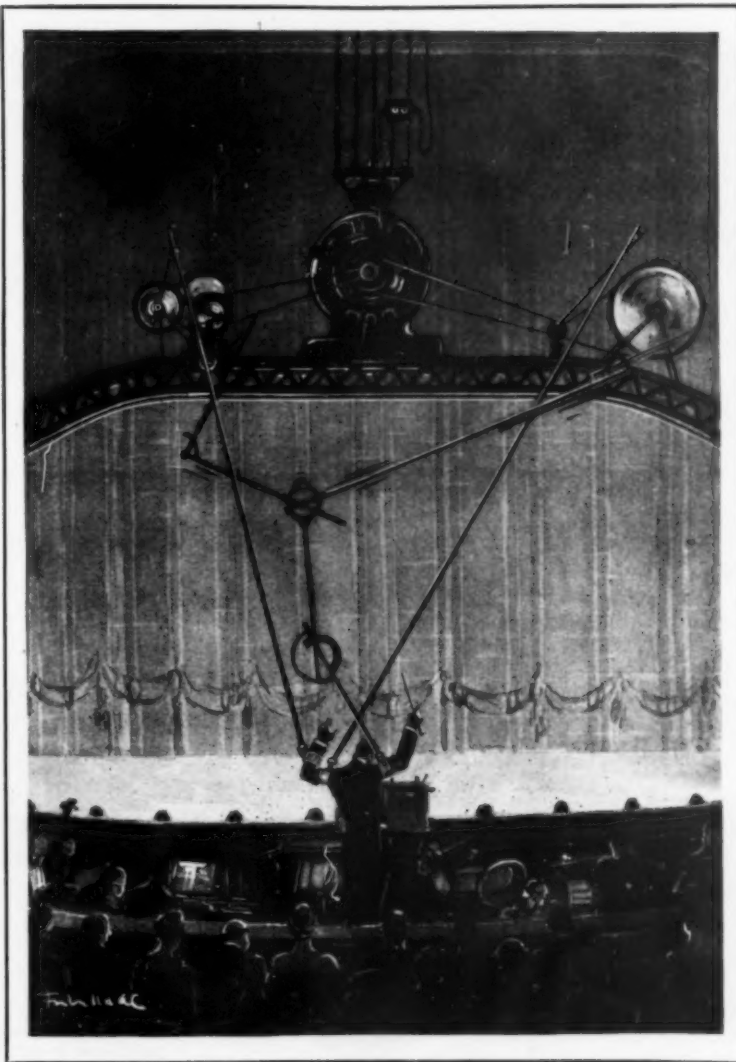
**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—A big show for big money.

**Sally, Irene and Mary.** *Century*—Nothing seems to interfere with this.

**Up She Goes.** *Playhouse*—And very nice, too.

**Wildflower.** *Casino*—Something to listen to at all costs.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Still fresh after a year.



Why not utilize the conductor's energy to generate electricity?

## Mistakes American Actors Have Made

By Will Rogers

ALL you read nowadays about the Theatre is about Russian Actors, Now the other night I saw a show given by all American Actors, and it wasent bad at all, Of course I am no critic but they pleased me, Of course there was no art connected with it but the Cusses were rather amusing,

\*\*\*

I can't understand why it is that a Country that can compete with any other Country in the World on everything else should be so far behind in acting. I tell you what I think its the language, I think American Actors have made a big mistake by letting people know what they were saying on the Stage, If American acting had been done all these years in the Russian language people would have thought they were wonderful.

\*\*\*

The Critics rave over their mob Scenes, they say every member of even the mob on the stage knows just what he or she is doing, Well I claim Ziegfeld does the same thing, did you ever see a Ziegfeld Chorus of perhaps 100 Girls on the stage. Well every one of those Girls knows what she is doing, she knows just who she is looking at and how much he has got, No Russian in the world has it on her, Of course the Critics never noticed that in our Show for the Girls never noticed the Critics, They can always pay for their own meals by themselves.

They also say the Russians are great because they have played the same part for years, I thought the longer you did a thing the more stale you got in it, but look at the jokes we tell in Musical Comedy and the dances that the same Girls have been doing for years, still we get no credit for doing them for years. The best acting I saw in a Russian play was by the audience each trying to make the other believe he knew what the Actors were saying on the stage,

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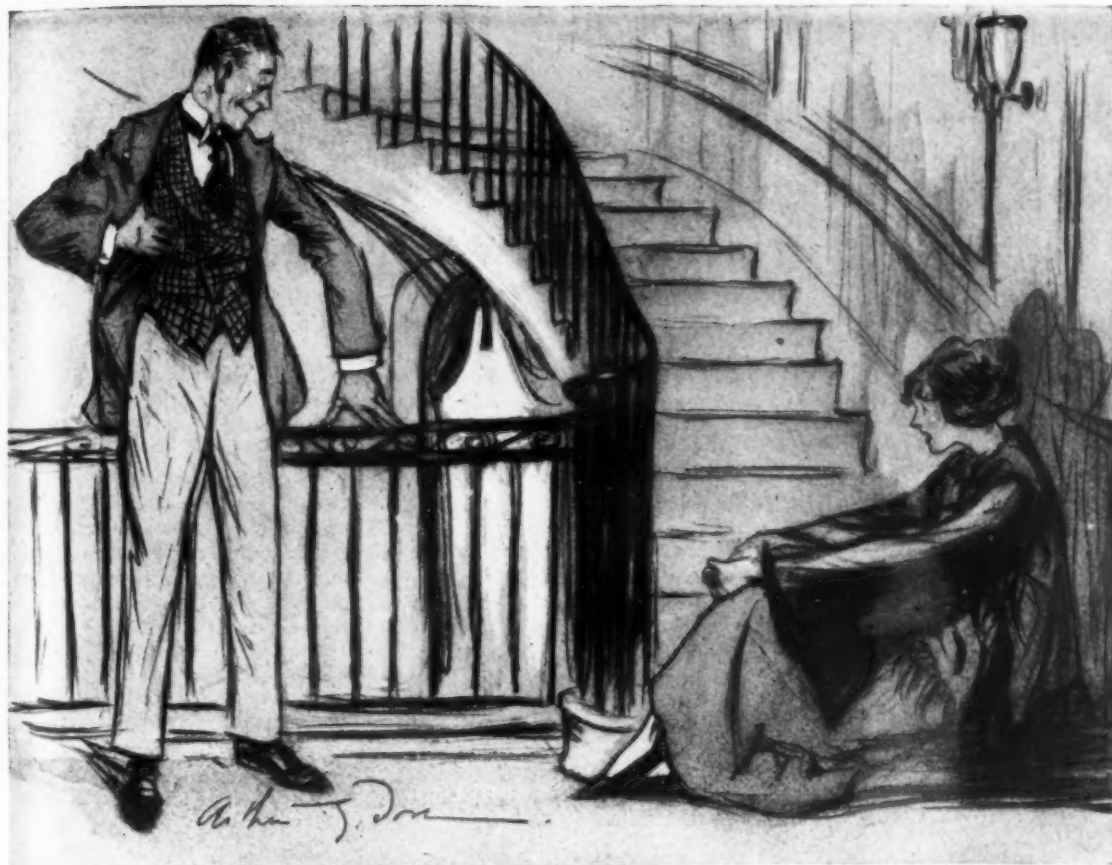
Of course I am not taking anything away from the Russians they are great but lets dont make a heel out of our actors to do it, Then dont forget that Morris Guest as a showman, He could take a Turkish troop to Greece and sell out with it, the Greeks would say why its those Turks. they will cut your heads off, but Guest would explain "Yes but they do it so artistically you wouldnt notice it." Then we have charged too little, charge 5 Dollars and the fellow you get in at that price dont know any better, if he did he wouldnt pay 5 dollars, but dont let the one or two dollar fellow in he will tell you how good your troop is.

\*\*\*

So if you want to know what is the matter with the American Theatre of today *you have played it in the wrong language and you have let in the cheap fellow who knew what you were doing.*



Go-Getter Salesman: Yes, sir; by using one of our machines we release nine men for other work.  
Doubtful Prospect: What other work?  
"Why, making more machines."



*She:* Have you traveled extensively?  
*He:* No, but I've traveled fast.

### A Night with the Buoys

"IN approaching New York Harbor," said the veteran pilot to the novice, "we first pick up Fire Water—formerly Fire Island—light."

"Fire Water Light. Yes, sir."

"We then pass on the starboard bow the White Star line's champagne and sherry float; two green lights fixed and a flash of red."

"I understand."

"Two points off the port bow you pick up the Burgundy and claret float of the Cunard line, five red lights and a purple flash."

"And a purple flash."

"Soon you sight the red and green alternating flashes of the Anchor line's Scotch float. The Italian line's Chi-anti station is three points to the south-southwest."

"Hello, what's that blaze of electricity dead ahead, sir?"

"Ha, that's your first sight of American soil. That's Hogan's Three-Mile Floating Picnic Grove. Take the glass and you can see the name of the political association that's having its annual outing."



"Go easy now."

### The World's Hardest Luck

THE scene was the circus tent where the freaks hold forth.

Evidently, the armless wonder had something on his mind.

"Why the preoccupied air, old chap?" asked the living skeleton.

The armless wonder sighed.

"It's this way," he said. "Here I sit, day after day, autographing cards with a pen between my toes.

If I want a character-reading from a specimen of my handwriting I am the one person in the world who can't get it. I have got to wait until a foot-writing expert comes along."

The living skeleton's sympathy was profound.

### A Long List

"It's quite a big bank, isn't it?"

"More vice-presidents than any bank in town."

## LIFE'S Picture Title Contest—\$1000 in Prizes



This Picture Has No Title

For the best titles to this picture, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize .....	\$500
Second Prize .....	\$300
Third Prize .....	\$150
Fourth Prize .....	\$50

The Contest will be governed by the following

## CONDITIONS

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, June 12th.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author. They should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's staff, of course, will not compete.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing

but the competing titles, typewritten (or very plainly written), using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Answers which do not conform to these requirements will not be considered in the contest.

## A Man's Man

AGE: forty-two; of medium height; smooth shaven. Clothes, inconspicuous and sombre. Ever at the beck and call of those who require him. Voice, subdued. Manners, perfect. Somewhat of a snob to those he considers his inferiors. Meticulous. One who never splurges, owing to economy and habit rather than to desire or choice. Methodical, painstaking, patient. Moves noiselessly and with a certain degree of caution. A dignified bearing; exteriorly devoid of all emotion. A master of euphemism.

His name: John Barrows; his occupation: valeting.

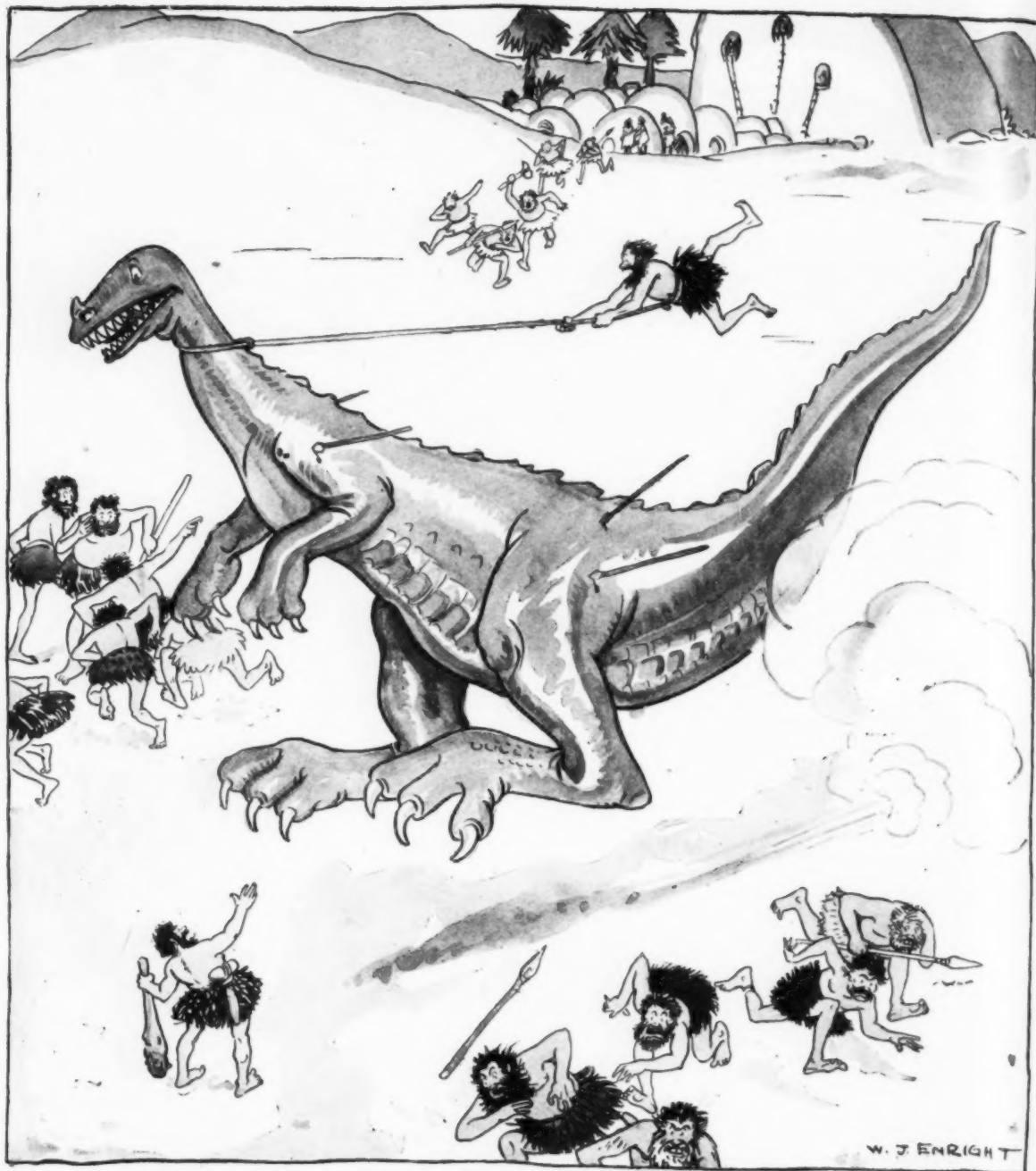


Another Rebellion





Davy Jones' Likker



### Necessity Is the Mother of Invention

Finding the spears ineffective, a member of the hunting party invents the lasso.

### Overheard at the Moron Club

**W**HEN President Harding starts out on his speaking tour I hope he will say something good and strong about this farm bloc that has been running Congress for the past two years. Nice state of affairs, isn't it, when a bunch of jay Senators and Representatives get together and decide to pass laws wanted by a lot of ignorant farmers."

"Yes, and he ought to come out plainly for the open shop. The National Association of Manufacturers, representing the thinking classes who have put their money in our industries, and all the big business organizations, are opposed to labor-union control of working hours and wages. Congress ought to pass a law against this closed shop foolishness."

## To Boccaccio

(Celebrating a report of the recent discovery of his bones somewhere in Italy.)

WE never should have known Alatiel  
Whose sweet misfortunes set our tears aflow;  
Nor her for whom the song of Philomel  
Wrought dear disaster and most charming woe;  
Nor Alibech, the pious, who would go  
To interrupt the Hermit at his groans,  
Except you told us, O Boccaccio!  
There's nothing dry about you but your bones.

That speechless wight, Masetto, labored well  
To till the convent garden, row on row;  
'Twas Fra Alberto in a hurry fell  
Sans wings and halo in the ditch below;  
Sly Salabatto proved him not too slow  
And left a lady all in tears and moans.  
Why, you're not dead, old story wizard! Oh,  
There's nothing dry about you but your bones.

Ah, it had been a grievous tale to tell  
If young Keats' mother had not let him know  
The book where weeping Lisabetas dwell;  
Or Shakespeare's worried folks had burned it, so  
He couldn't watch its sinful, grinfest show  
Dance by him singing in delighted tones.  
You're smiling yet where Arno's roses grow—  
There's nothing dry about you but your bones.

### L'Envoi

Prince of good fellows, let the sinless throw  
Their holy bans and all their futile stones.  
They droop in dust while still you bloom and blow;  
There's nothing dry about you but your bones!

Carr Liggett.



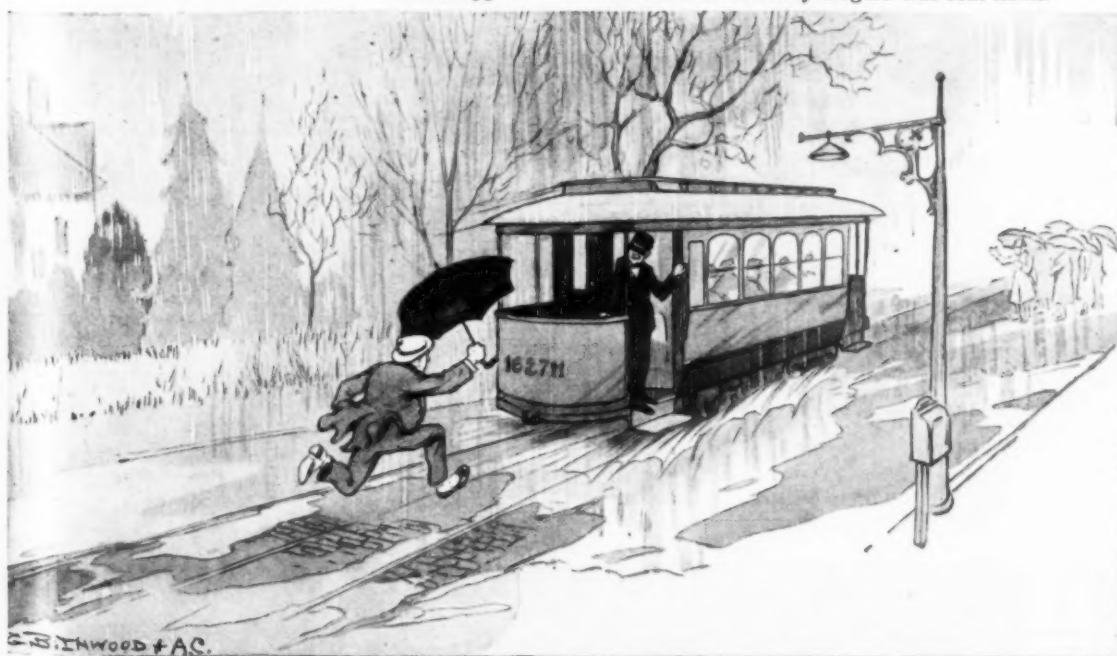
**Rough-Stuff Mike:** I got some stories that a friend of mine wrote and a guy told me you'd pay good money for them.

**Editor:** Are they short stories?

**Rough-Stuff Mike:** Hell, no, nothing like that. Big long ones.

**MOTHER:** Did you enjoy Sunday School this morning, Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes. Benny Rogers was sent home.



"Confound you! Why don't you stop?"  
"Now, Mr. Higgs, if it wasn't for me what exercise would you get?"





## THE SILENT DRAMA



### "Vanity Fair"

IT is a good thing that there were no movies in Thackeray's day. Otherwise, "Vanity Fair" would never have been written.

Thackeray, unlike authors of today, had no thought of lucrative motion picture rights. When he sat down at his desk and scrawled the words "Chapter I" across the sheet of paper, he did not say, "Now if I handle my plot right I ought to clean up on this book. I'll send it first to the *Saturday Evening Post*—Lorimer ought to give me £2000, at least, call it £2500—and then I'll be all set for a big offer from Famous Players."

No, Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair" without thought of box-office value, and he succeeded only in creating a great book.

"Vanity Fair" has now been made into a motion picture by Hugo Ballin, and the result is pretty sad. The swift thrust of Thackeray's satire is gone, and all that remains is a hopeless muddle of strange characters who move about aimlessly through an indecipherable plot.

The next time Thackeray writes a novel, he will probably know better than to devote himself to artificial stuff like "Vanity Fair." He will have learned that the public won't stand for this now "satire"; what it wants is action, heart interest and *punch*.

### "The Ne'er-Do-Well"

THERE are a few people in the movies who can't go wrong. They are impervious to incompetent direction, feeble support

or dull stories, because they possess within themselves a vital force, powerful enough to lift them above their surroundings.

Thomas Meighan is one of these. I have seen him, on occasion, in bad films—but I never have seen the day when he himself was bad. He doesn't know how to be anything but genuine, sincere and thoroughly sympathetic.

"The Ne'er-Do-Well" is a fairly interesting picture, adorned with some good scenes in Panama and animated by a love story that involves Mr. Meighan and Lila Lee, another consistently pleasing performer.

There are one or two incredible orgy episodes at the start of "The Ne'er-Do-Well," in which a number of frolicsome college boys (who apparently belong to the class of '93) celebrate a victory by staging a football game in a cabaret, but after the director has heaved these off his chest the picture settles down to a more even and more respectable gait.

### "Scars of Jealousy"

IN reviewing a Thomas H. Ince picture, I always find myself on delicate ground. Mr. Ince is the only producer who ever gave me employment as a movie actor, and I feel that my gratitude for this act of blind faith should be expressed in the form of favorable criticisms.

However, there are limits—and "Scars of Jealousy" is one of them. Try as I may to give it an even break, and to prove that I have not forgotten those golden days of my screen career in Culver City, I

am not quite able to pass this mass of hokum by without a perceptible shudder.

"Scars of Jealousy" couldn't be much more foolish if I had acted in it myself.

### "Backbone"

THE hero of "Backbone" is a stalwart chap with a structural steel spinal column which he has inherited from his French-Canadian ancestors. It enables him to lay out the gang of ruthless villains who are trying to steal his tract of timberland, and it serves eventually to win for him his princess o' dreams.

All of which proves that the backbone is an important feature of the anatomy. Nevertheless, it has its limitations. As a medium of entertainment, its value is practically nil.

### Depression

THIS appears to be another of those weeks when a pessimistic note prevails in the motion picture department of LIFE.

However, there are always plenty of good pictures in the files. For instance:

"Down to the Sea in Ships."

"Brass."

"Safety Last."

"The Famous Mrs. Fair."

"Within the Law."

"The Pilgrim."

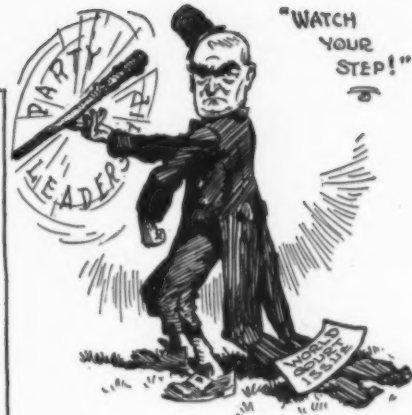
"The Covered Wagon."

It is a representative list, and should keep the most insatiable fan occupied for one week at least.

Robert E. Sherwood.









### Makes a Noise in Your Mind

One of our favorite describers is the Gould correspondent of the Lincoln (Ark.) Ledger, who records that Mr. Creed Ringo of there shot a horned owl measuring "four feet two inches from tip to tip across its wings. It was the most owl that I ever saw in one piece."—*Collier's*.

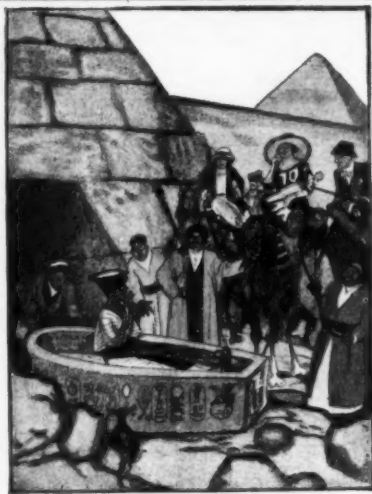
### His Defiance

When a Grand Rapids man was suddenly confronted by an armed burglar, he fainted. But not, we understand, before he had time to cry out, "You can't scare me."—*Detroit News*.

### Virtuosity

FAIR FRIEND (as band strikes up a waltz): What's that out of?  
DISTINGUISHED MUSICIAN: Tune!  
—*London Mail*.

We kin allus tell a pedestrian when he sits down in a café 'cause he decides so quickly.—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News*.



Mrs. Tut-ankh-Amen: Heavens, how humiliating! My hat is so dreadfully out of style!  
—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin)*.

### Secret Diplomacy

On a glorious sunny afternoon the old palace at Versailles gazed drowsily with its thousand glass eyes on the humans who wandered around it. At a small table sat, strange to say, a man and a girl.

"Say, Harry," quoth the lady, "we haven't kept up that diary for a week. Let's have a look at it."

"Here you are," said Harry. "I hope you got a better memory than I have."

"Say, Harry."

"Yes."

"Where were we on Monday?"

"Oh, lemme see—at the Louvre, I guess."

"How about Wednesday?"

"Oh, put down Fontainebleau."

"Shall I say we did the Petit Trianon?"

"Sure, take a chance—mother will never know."—*Washington Star*.

### The Outcome

"What happens when an irresistible woman meets an immovable man?"

"She goes through his pocketbook."

—*Princeton Tiger*.

THE only two creatures referred to as "so human" are a great man and a monkey.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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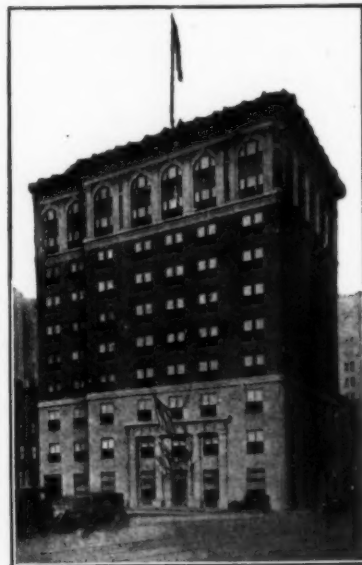
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OLIVER HERFORD

*and*

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*by*

CHARLES B. FALLS

And if you were so unlucky  
as to miss them when they  
first appeared you still have  
a chance to get some fun out  
of "LIFE."



*Illustrated*  
\$2.50

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
598 Madison Ave.  
New York



"Bob is so droll—when I asked him how I looked in this gown he said, 'Out of sight.'"

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between  
the lines—*

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*At the best shops —  
Look for the label*







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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### At Last

Two sisters—apparently all in all to each other—had lived together for many years. Then, when the one was ninety-eight and the other ninety-six, the elder died. The relative who undertook the task of breaking the painful news to the survivor feared the shock would be fatal to her. But the old lady bore up wonderfully.

"Ah, well," she replied, "now I suppose I shall be able to have my tea made as I like it."

—Royal Magazine (London).

### Unfilial Either Way

"Is it possible," gasped the indignant parent, "that you would dishonor my name on the boards of a theatre?"

"But, Father," returned the stage-struck youth, "I would take an assumed name."

"Indeed! And supposing you were to succeed, much credit I should get if no one knew I was your father."

—Tatler (London).

### Dusky Feminism

JUDGE: Do you believe in divorce?

LIZA: Yes, suh, I does.

RASTUS (interrupting): How come you believes in divorce, woman?

LIZA: Well, it's this way, Judge. I sorta feels we need somethin' to keep us women in circulation!

—Penn State Froth.

### The Quietus

"Are you really going to marry a widower?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But suppose he starts talking about his former wife."

"Then I'll silence him by talking about my next husband."

—Karikaturen (Christiania).

### At the Ticket Window

OLD COLORED MAMMY: Ise wants a ticket fo' Florence.

TICKET AGENT (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides): Where the devil is Florence?

OLD COLORED MAMMY: Settin' over dar on de bench.—Princeton Tiger.

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

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**CAMP PENN,** Valcour Island, Lake Champlain. 17th Season

## Fair Words

PRETTY GIRL (who has been taken half a mile beyond her destination): It's really too bad; I told you when I first got in where I wished to be set down.

BUS CONDUCTOR: Well, miss, I let you get out as soon as ever I could find it in my 'art to part with you.

—Pearson's Weekly (London).





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109

# O. Henry lunged forward, the don flashed his stiletto, the senorita screamed — but —

Al Jennings, outlaw and train-robber, was too quick on the trigger. Let him tell you the amazing story of O. Henry's bohemian career.

**S**HE was a born flirt, the Senorita. Just the glance of a dark eye over her fan, behind the back of a princely don. In its wake came livid passion, death, riot—and breathless flight for O. Henry and Al Jennings, the most picturesque pair of adventurers since the days of Captain Kidd.

Al Jennings and his brother Frank had stepped off a boat at Honduras. They wore top hats and dress suits—the only garb they had. They were outlaws, with prices on their heads. Al walked up to the American consulate. On the veranda sat a figure dressed immaculately in duck. It was O. Henry, peniless yet unconcerned. O. Henry was not there for local color. He, too, was a fugitive from justice. For what crime? Let Al Jennings tell you, as only he can, in his inimitable memoirs.

## "Colonel, we meet again"

Years later, after Jennings had been trapped and lay in a cell in the Ohio Penitentiary, one day he heard a familiar voice. He looked up and there—in prison stripes, too—was O. Henry. "Colonel," said O. Henry, in his Southern drawl, "it seems we meet again."

Then follows what is certainly the most remarkable biography in American literature. Why was O. Henry imprisoned? There is no doubt he was innocent, but the story is too long to be told here. In any case, in the midst of the degrading prison life, O. Henry began to write. Jennings tells about his first story, how when he read it to two hardened convicts they blubbered for the first time in their lives. He tells how there, in prison, O. Henry got the material for some of his most famous stories. Among other things you read the pathetic story of the original immortal Jimmy Valentine.

## Out of Prison into Fame

All through his career O. Henry was an enigma. Editors could never make him out. The Four Hundred opened its doors to him, but he was not to be netted. A strangely reserved figure, except to the few who knew him. Now at last Al Jennings gives the world the key to this enigma.

You see what the incidents were that shaped O. Henry's character—not only in colorful Central America, and in the penitentiary, but later also in all the

byways of that modern Bagdad—New York—where O. Henry wandered tirelessly, as did Haroun Al Raschid of old.

## How Can Such Things Be?

"Through the Shadows with O. Henry" is a book of life, not fiction. In that fact lies its inexpressible fascination. One gasps at every page. Here is, truly, a picture of his country that no American can afford not to read. For Al Jennings is, in his way, no less a remarkable man than O. Henry. You read of a childhood as pathetic as that of Oliver Twist, a young manhood more exciting than any Western fiction ever penned, full of tales of wild Western feuds, of train and bank robberies, of hairbreadth escapes.

And it is about *real* men and women, not puppets of fiction; you see on one page the lovable but always strange character of O. Henry—you see Roosevelt, Mark Hanna, prominent New Yorkers—and then on other pages are the figures of desperados, convict bankers, pickpockets, fallen women, burglars, murderers. Each one with a personality so picturesque, with a history so vivid and often pathetic that one marvels that such things can be! It is an astonishing *tour de force*!

## A Few Autographed Copies— Send No Money

"Through the Shadows with O. Henry" is a book that belongs in the library of every intelligent American. Only a limited edition has been printed and of these Al Jennings has autographed a few hundred copies. Possibly you have read the enthusiastic praise given this book by reviewers, and no doubt decided to read it. If so, here is an exceptional opportunity to obtain a copy, with Al Jennings's own signature in it. Years from now the autographed copy of a book like this will be worth ten times the price you now pay.

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"A little bundle of energy, with flaming red hair and piercing eyes"—that's the picture a friend gives of Al Jennings, ex-outlaw, who has written this fascinating account of his own, and O. Henry's career.



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## REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP'N

30 Irving Place

New York

## Lessons in New Yorkese The Shoe Shop

"HELLO Joey. Gottany real-eather shoostaday?"

"Wellifit taint Peggy! youknow wegotta beslina shoos innacity."

"Yeah? Well maybe alines-bizzy!"

"Ho! Ho! Naffayou ittaint nevva. Wawasit youwas wantin? Sumpin innashoo fayaseff?"

"No yapoorfish! Iwanna setta gooloshis famme blooribbin race-hawce. Lissen Joey Iwanna paira-them sweed pumps—dockbrown sweed size fornahaff B."

"Suresthin yaknow. Now goilie lemmegetta sizayafoot."

"Itolja medawgs was fornahaff B."

"Thassawrite Igotta takasize meseff. Now whachu takeis size fornah—fornahaff B."

"Izzatso? Snoos tamee. Saay whacha tryintado? Theseisnt sweed theseis satin."

"Tryemon willya? Howzat?"

"They hoit."

"Hoitya? Awrite. Iwuzjus try-inta getcha size."

"Mesizeis fornahaff B."

"Swatchuthink. Trythese will-ya?"

"Whassize isease?"

"Theseis yasize Peggy."

"Say lissen theseis fiveay. Me-sizeis fornahaff B."

"Awrite tryem willya Peggy. Howdathey feel?"

"Theseis betta. Yeah Idathink theseid make mea cripple."

"Theylook good. Yawanna wear-em awillI wrappemup?"

"Saay waitaminnit! Chatryin tahamme I askya fasweed."

"Theseis sweed aintthey Peggy?"

"Theseis black. Iaskya fadock-brown fornahaff B."

"Fornahaff B justwatcha astfa."

"Theseis fivay black. Think Im dumbell?"

"Theylookswell onyafeet Peggy. Hones theylook good."

"Nevva mina applesaws I want whatta want wenna wantit."

"Whyncha trya cute gray sweed?"

"Say cuttitout Joey anlissen. I wanna dockbrown sweed size fornahaff B annI dowan ennythin ellis."

"Lemme gettat agen. Dockbrown sweed size fornahaff B."

"Atsjuswatta said. Dockbrown sweed size fornahaff B."

"Im sawry Peg. .Iyaint got-tit."

H. W. H.

AN enthusiastic haberdasher raves: "Don't miss our shirt ad to-morrow." We did not see it but we did not miss it.

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—also delightful, Crush-  
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(1)



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